

LETTER FROM KOREA.

THE PALACE,
SEOUL, KOREA.

DEAR EDITOR,—

We have now left Japan for a time, but most of our clothes and all my money is there, so we are going back—and I am quite home-sick for it already. Korea is an extraordinary country. One feels as if one were with Alice through the Looking Glass. We are not really in the Palace. We are in a house belonging to the Emperor where his housekeeper—a German lady—lives with twelve servants and takes a few paying guests. The house is furnished in red plush French furniture and Korean brass bowls.

The cooking is German and French, and we do very well indeed at the Emperor's expense—even ices for dinner. The bells do not ring and you cannot get a bath; but when you do succeed in getting a servant you get four—four tall, dignified Korean men in spotless white who understand neither Japanese nor English and a very little French.

If you are interested in living history you should read "The Tragedy of Korea," by H. Bethel. It is a very interesting book, and the appendices are so pathetic. The Japanese are now absorbing Korea. "The Koreans do not like us," said a Japanese to us soon after we went to Japan. "Naturally. We are taking their country away from them." You don't wonder that Korea has been the toy of one nation after another once you have seen the weak purposeless faces of the Koreans. It strikes one the instant one lands. A smiling, resolute, bland Japanese puts you ashore with your goods, and a gaping crowd of vague Koreans surround you. A Japan coolie would have you and your belongings at the station before you could sneeze, but Koreans hardly seemed to know there is a station. They are perfectly harmless, mild, gentle, silly as sheep. The

men have pretty womanish faces; they stand about holding each others hands. The older men have goatee beards, and look like elderly billygoats in pot hats. Those hats annoy me. And to think that some people regret that we gave up the tall hat in Wales! The young men and boys part their front hair in the centre, oil it well, and do it in a pigtail. When they are married they do it up in a top-knot on the crown of their heads, and wear a transparent top-hat made of horse-hair, and tied under their chins with strings. They dress in white with very baggy trousers tied round the ankles with strings, and a long semi-transparent coat-tail flies out behind them. The clothes are made of a coarse sort of grass lawn. All the men dress alike, of all classes. The high-class women are strictly secluded. We haven't been able to see any. The low-class women are big and handsome. They wear a very full skirt of grass lawn, with a bustle behind, and a lot of padding on the stomach, and a funny little bodice which covers the arms and neck, but leaves the breast exposed. The women of a little higher class wear the same sort of clothes, but on top of them a long coat over their heads, usually of bright green or pink, fastened under the chin. The empty sleeves flap as they walk. The children are very pretty, very solemn, melancholy looking little things. The Koreans knock them about—or seem to—after the way the Japanese treat theirs (they *worship* their children).

The Koreans are still giving the Japs some trouble. They are "rebellious" in a vague, aimless, Korean sort of way. The railways, the telegraphs, the post, the army, and practically the whole trade of the country is in Japanese hands. It *must* be so when the Japs are so capable, so thorough, so tirelessly energetic; and the Koreans, though intelligent enough, are lazy, weak, and utterly incapable. Very business-like police, armed with both rifle and sword, guard the streets; and there are an immense number of Japanese

soldiers about the country. It all looked peaceful enough as we came up. The valleys are under rice and millet, a good harvest. There are many Korean villages, very peaceful and picturesque. Heavily thatched cottages, with gourds growing on the roofs, and scarlet patches of red pefyer laid out to dry. These scarlet patches on the roofs are quite a feature of the country at this time of year. Seoul is a tumbled-down old city, wide irregular streets, with beautiful old gateways and electric trams (belonging to an American company!)

We went to church yesterday in a Korean house made into a church. Polished floor and square windows. Through the little window behind the altar I could see part of the city wall, and the blue hills beyond, intensely blue and bright in the vivid sunshine. It looked so like the glimpse of Eastern landscape which Leonardo is so fond of showing in his sacred pictures. There are a great many missionaries in Seoul. It is a good field for them, the Koreans having practically no religion of their own, and they need all the spiritual consolation they can get; for indeed there is "none other that fighteth for them," and they receive no comfort from the nations. After service everyone shook hands with everyone else—and with us, which was kind—we knew several of the missionaries before. They showed us the Kilburn Sisters' Orphanage for Korean girls—sweet little tots—and their tennis courts and clubhouse with all the English and American magazines. We had three invitations to tea. We did not see Mr. Bethel—not a church-goer, I suppose. I admire him for supporting a lost cause. One has only to compare a Korean face with a Japanese one to see *how* lost; but he isn't really doing to Koreans any kindness. In the afternoon we saw the old palace where the Queen was murdered. It has a *perfect* garden, run wild now, full of seeding grasses, and wild Michaelmas daisy. The room where she was murdered is pulled down. The

Japanese played an ugly part in that tragedy; but it was suggested and bungled by Koreans. Japs alone would have managed it with neatness, despatch, and no fuss. They have a glorious climate here just now—like Mentone in March—vivid sun, *very* hot, but fresh breezes and cool nights and fine. It will get *intensely* cold in a month. Write to me soon. We go back there in about a month. We shall miss the American fleet, which is a great blow to me, but they say Yokohama will be very rowdy when they are there, and the hotels frightfully expensive. We go from here to Darien, close to Port Arthur—two days on a steamer from Korea. Then *perhaps* up to Munkden, and then to Tientsin, where we get a train to Peking. We hope to see the Lhama there. He is on his way to pay his respects to the Chinese Emperor. Then we go straight to Shanghai, where we have a good many friends, and from there take a steamer to Japan. Our idea was to have a house in Tokyo for a month or so, but we are not quite sure now, and we may go to Honolulu for Christmas, and then straight home. There is an epidemic of typhoid in Tokyo just now, which is rather against our taking a house there. It may be over by November.

M. D. G.

BOOK CORNER.

"The Empire for Christ." Lucas. (A thrilling book on missionary work in the East, particularly India. It deals with the Eastern problems in a most interesting way, and suggests ways of adapting the Western religion to the Eastern mind.)

"Corot and his Friends." By Everard Meynell. (An interesting book which has just been published, and certainly the fullest as yet written in English on this artist.)

Other books on Corot, which are useful in teaching are "Histoire de Corot par Moreau-Nelaton" and "Corot par Roger Milès."

For this term's history in Class III. the following books are helpful:—Mahan's "Life of Nelson," Fyfe's "Modern Europe," Carlyle's "French Revolution."

A short popular book on the burning question of Woman Suffrage is "Woman Suffrage," by Arnold Mathew. Social Problems Series. 1s.

"The Deliverance." "The Autobiography." Mark Rutherford. (The spiritual experiences of a man who lived a sad life, and yet who fought through his troubles till he found a philosophy of life which made trials and circumstances bearable. It is also full of clever character sketches.)

"Father and Son." (A most interesting study of relationship between two utterly diverse temperaments.)

"The Convert." By E. Robins. (A clever novel on the subject of Woman Suffrage. Ought to be read by all who disdainfully (because ignorantly) object to the "Shrieking Sisterhood.")

Poetry: "London Bead and other Verses." By Kennett Burrow. Alston Rivers. 1s. (A collection of charming and thoughtful poems.)

A very useful book on art is "Apollo," an illustrated manual of the history of art throughout the ages, by Reinach.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

"Les deux fées" and other plays. Horace Marshall. 9d.

"Daus le royaume des fées." Horace Marshall. 9d.

"Fables in Action." Dent. 1s.

Three delightful little books of French plays for children. M. W. K.

A few books now published in French suitable for children to read to themselves:—"De Janvier a Décembre (ou étude de la Nature pour chaque mois de l'année)." "Fables d'Exyse." "Contes Fableux de la Grèce Antique." "Contes de Grimm." "Tanhor (raconté laux enfants)." All price 2d. Stead's Publishing House, 39, Whitefriars, E.C. "The

Nature Book." Price 7d. Published in twenty-four fortnightly parts. Articles on: How to know the Birds; How to know Insect Life; How to know the Animals; How to know Wild Flowers; How to know the Trees; How to know the Clouds.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Leaves from a Life." (The autobiography of a daughter of Frith, R.A. A most amusing picture of mid-Victorian life. The educational system must have been unique. Italian counts for masters, and Socialists for models. The book teems with good stories.)

"The daughter of Louis XVI." A most interesting account of the imprisonment of the Duchess d'Angoulême in the Temple. But does not account for the change in her nature, apparently after arrival at the Austrian Court. Most interesting reading.

"The Flight to Varennes." (A detailed account of that lamentably thrown away chance. It makes one long to burn that new Berlin and its six horses.)

SOME SUNDAY BOOKS.

My present pupils have a Sunday Bookshelf; the following are some of the books it contains:—

1. SUNDAY SUNSHINE, edited by Catherine Shaw, published by J. F. Shaw and Co., 48, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. Contains stories, Bible stories and texts to colour. It is suitable for little children.
2. PARABLES FROM NATURE, by Mrs. Alfred Gatty; 1s. Published by George Bell and Sons.
3. A CHILD'S BOOK OF SAINTS, by Wm. Canton; illustrated. Published by Dent and Co., Everyman's Library. 2s.
4. IN GOD'S GARDEN (Stories of the Saints for Little Children), by Amy Steedman, with 16 coloured reproductions from Italian masterpieces. Published by Jack, 34, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. 6s.

5. STORIES FROM THE LIVES OF SAINTS AND MARTYRS OF THE CHURCH TOLD IN SIMPLE LANGUAGE, by Jetta S. Wolff, edited with an introduction by the Rev. C. W. Woodhouse, M.A. 2nd edition. Published by A. R. Mowbray and Co., 34, Great Castle Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. 2s.
6. MY SUNDAY BOOK. 1s. Published by A. R. Mowbray and Co. Ltd.; arranged by Agatha G. Turning. The Creed, texts to find the words of the Creed to colour illustrations, and suitable verses; spaces to insert pictures.

51, Herbert Street,
Hoxton, London, N.
November 17th, 1908.

DEAR EDITOR,

I should like to thank students and their children who have sent me scrap-books, flowers, etc. They are much appreciated. I wonder if anyone can help me with a few story-books for a children's library which I am just starting.

Yours sincerely,
MABEL CONDER.

BUDGET GLEANINGS.

GAMES SUGGESTED FROM THE "ORIONAL" BUDGET.

- 5.—"National Gallery." Price 1s. Played like "Happy Family." Excellent for children to get acquainted with well-known pictures. (National Gallery of Dutch pictures; also counties of England, and possibly others, are also published.)
- 6.—"Turning up Letters." The letters of the "word-making" box are put face downwards on the table. One player calls: "The name of a" (Whatever he chooses, *e.g.*, flower, bird, musician, actor, trade, town in Scotland, etc.) He then turns up a letter, being careful to

turn it away from him, so that the others see it first. Whoever calls out first the name of something beginning with the letter turned up, and belonging to the class chosen, keeps the letter, turns up the next, and chooses what kind of thing it is to be. If anything is doubtful, or if no one can think of a word beginning with the letter, it is put back into the pool and another turned up, but the subject is not changed. The same word must not be used in the same connection twice in a game. Player with most letters wins.

7.—Think of twenty professions or occupations, *e.g.*, churchman, statesman, ruler, lawyer, soldier, sailor, philanthropist, doctor, scientist, painter, sculptor, musician, actor, poet, essayist, novelist, historian, educationalist, explorer, athlete. Choose a letter, and, in a given time (ten to fifteen minutes) write down the name of one famous man or woman under as many of the heads as you can. The player with fewest names reads down his list first, and so on. Those who have the same name under the same heading score one point for each player who has not. *E.g.*, suppose there are five players, and that C is the letter chosen. If only one has Corot, the artist, she scores four points. If three have him down, they each score two. If all five, they have no points for the artist.

8.—Choose a letter, and with a short time limit write down as many things as you can in the room beginning with the letter chosen.

9.—"Hang." One player, A, thinks of a line or verse of poetry or a proverb (he usually says which), writes it down with a dash for each letter, and separates the words with a pointed bar (as in music), and passes it to B. B (the other player, or players in turn), asks for any letters he thinks are likely to be contained in the quotation. If he is right, A tells him where to write it. (He tries to say where it will help least.) B's object is to guess the quotation with the